PUNCH, THE POSTMAN

BY HENRY HERMAN,

AUTHOR OF "SCARLET FORTUNE," "BETWEEN THE WHIFFS," ETC. JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP'S BIBLE," "HE FELL AMONG THIEVES," "ONLY A SHADOW," "CLAUDIAN," "THE SILVER KING," ETC.

engaged at the Royal Shakspeare Theater, and Punch, her black-and-tan terrier puppy, was the prettiest doggie at the Shakspeare, or any other theater, or anywhere in the wide, wide world. Rosse would have asserted, affirmed, and, if need have been, sworn to the truth, the unexaggerated truth, of the last statement, with her soft, tiny white hand on the Bible, against all comers. Such a golden-curled, laughingeyed, cherry-lipped creature-Rosie-with a face all dimpled smiles and saucy charm, with a figure that made all the other girls turn green with envy-so Rosie firmly believed-and she knew how to set it off and show it, the cunning little minx, on the stage or off the stage, in costume or in everyday dress. Rosie knew that she was lovely and sweet, and an what, but it was something amazingly nice. Lots of fellows had told her that, but she believed it most willingly when the honeyed compliment came from the lips of Harry Trench, the handsome jeune premier of the Shakspeare, the altogether nicest man in the profession, so again Rosie would | more fully.' have sworn. Rosie was great at superlatives, but she was an altogether exceptional little woman. In her loves, as in her pretty little hates-and she could hate, pretty Rosie could-when she once started she traveled the whole distance, as our American friends would say.

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know the reader will not repeat it, for that would be a shame; therefore, I will whisper it ever so softly.

Harry and Rosie were engaged. Nobody knew it, not even Jane, Rosie's maid, and what she did not know about Rosie's affairs was seldom worth knowing. I have an idea that Punch knew it. I would not at random swear to my statement, but if the doggie did not know it he must have been a very naive, silly little doggie indeed. For of all the kisses that exploded over his head, and the cheeks that flamed, and the glittering eyes that danced over him whilst he lay on Rosie's lap, with his muzzle on his little brown, black penciled paws, making believe that he was asleep—surely he must have known that Rosie would not have permitted Harry to sit by her side with his arm around her waist if they had not been engaged.

And yet Punch was a wretch. Rose stated that fact times after times, and kissed him as she stated it. Nothing was safe from him, unless it was hung or stowed away out of his reach, or too heavy for him to move. Rosie would take off a pair of silken stockings before going to bed at night, and find only one in the morning. The other would be discovered, half an hour afterwards, behind the big Japanese fan that closed in the drawing-room fireplace. Rosie had two pairs of favorite slippers, a pink satin pair and a pale blue pair with gold beads. When Rosie came home from the theater at night she would find one pink slipper underneath the bed and the other among the jugs of the toilet table; one blue one would be lying on the stairs and its companion would have to be hunted for among the geraniums, and calceolaries, and fuchsias at the open dining-room window.

But then—so Rosie affirmed with a face

But then—so Rosie affirmed with a face as serious as a judge's—Punch never ate or destroyed anything. Now and then his sharp little teeth would mark things, and rather spoil their appearance, but surely it was not Punch's fault that his little teeth were so sharp, and Rosie was quite certain that he did not mean to spoil things. He played with them, that was all. He tossed them about and jumped on them, and smacked them with his little paws, and raced around the garden with them in his mouth, and now and then shook them as he would have shaken a rat, but he never meant to harm them. We but he never meant to harm them. We shouldn't Punch have hist This with a defiant toss of the sunshiny curls. Who was there likely to be bold enough, or marble-hearted enough to contradict so fair a

Rosie lived in a pretty bijou cottage that stood in the center of a leafy garden in St. John's Wood. It was as trim, as neat, and as cozy a little home as even a young lady with Rosie's tastes for the artistic and the beautiful could wish for. A hoary brick wall, grown a deep greyish-brown with age, and smothered on the garden side with clematis and traveler's joy, surrounded it on all sides; two great pear trees and nigh on a dozen lilacs and laburnums tempered the noonday heat with their unbrage. Rosie herself had superintended and helped in the construction of a rockery, where royal fern, hart's tongue and British malden-hair sprang in graceful green-ery among a multitude of stonecrop, and primrose, and violet plants-a wonderful climbing gloire de Dijon rose covered the perch and the lower part of the cottage, whilst a little lawn, kept as green and as smooth as a billiard table, was ready for croquet. The interior of the little cottage was a perfect wonder of feminine taste in decoration, and fitting and furn-ishing. Rosie's mother - dead and gone these two years, poor lady-had collected all the hundred little knick-knacks and souvenirs, pictures, stat-uettes, screens, and odds and ends that go so far to make a home look home-like and inhabited. Rosie was pretty well off. Her salary of six pounds a week was more than she spent, and had a little income besides, bequeathed to her by her mother. The little cottage was held on lease at a very trifling rent indeed, and, as Rosie had every right to hope that her salary would in-crease and keep increasing with her grow-

ing reputation, care and its attendant stings were unknown at Ferndale, as the little nook was called. Thus it may be readily imagined that with her cottage, and her garden, and her Harry, and her Punch, Rosie was as happy as the day was long. Her parts were her only little worry, for she was not a quick study, and she was always nervous, and never could act at rehearsal, and thereby got herself involved in many a little squabble with her manager and the stage man-ager until they came to understand Rosie's timorous peculiarity, and overlooked it. She could always be relied upon to make a scene go where brimming good humor and rollicking comedy were required to fetch the house, but when Harry Trench was acting with her people declared her to be simply delicious.

There was one Sunday, however, and in midsummer time of all the days in the year, when Rosie was far from being in her habitual happy mood. Her cup of chocolate was standing untasted on the break-fast table, she had not touched her thin cut bread and butter, and the newly laid egg. which was her usual luxury at the early morning meal, stood in the little white egg-cup quite forlornly. Rosie was staring across the table and through the open window out into the shady garden, listlessly, gloomily, and it would have required but a small effort on her part to squeeze out a tear. Punch was tearing about the room unheeded and uncared for, and he perked his little head and stamped his little feet in vain. For once his ever | cry she panted for.

Miss Rosie Wray was the prettiest actress Rosie's bright little homestead? A letter was the origin of all this misery, and a bad, bad man had written it—and the bad

man was Harry Trench. Harry had promised, arranged, settled and pledged himself to take Rosie to Maidenhead. Thence they were to row up to Cookham and Marlow, and to have a real happy summer outing-to draw their lungs full of the fresh country air which they time with creatures, and who is mean both required so much after the gas-tainted enough to stoop to ambiguous untruths to atmosphere of the stage and the dressing-rooms, and generally to bask in the light of one another's happiness. And Rosie had got a wondrous new gown, a marvel of straw-colored Liberty silk, with the sweetest salmon-colored sash imaginable, and a love of a hat, especially for the occasion, and now, to her dire dismay and disappointment, she was not only not to wear them, but Harry was not coming, and what to do with herself on this teautiful, cloudless Sunday, after she had been to morning church, she did not know.

"My sweet," so the horrid man wrote, "I she wrote more letters—one to her dress-am sorry, more sorry than I know how to maker, one to a friend, one to a well-known what, but it was something amazingly to-day, and more than that I expect I shan't be able to see you before Tuesday night. I have written to Mr. Warren to let me off on Monday night, and to get young Henderson to play my part. I have got to go to Brighton by the early morning train, and I have barely time to catch it, else I should have run up and explained matters

> Explained matters more fully—more fully! He had not explained anything, except that he was not coming. Why was he not coming? What was he going to Brighton for? With whom was he going to Brighton? That was the question. Rosie's little fingers tingled at the thought, and her cheeks flushed as she imagined another woman by her Harry's side. For, though a sweet, loving disposition was one of Rosie's
>
> The hours she passed in the theater that

with all the world. She nearly snapped Jane's head off when the girl asked her—
"Why, good gracious, mum! What's the matter with your Dear me, if you ain't been cryin'."
"Hold your tongue, Jane!" Rosie retorted,

"Hold your tongue, Jane!" Rosie retorted, angrily, so unusual an occurrence with her. "How dare you say I have been crying? I was not crying, and, what is more, I am not going to cry—there."

And thereupon the hot tears rolled down her cheeks in a bounteous flood, and Rosie sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Go away, Jane," she exclaimed. "Go away. It is you who made me cry. Leave the room instantly!"

The pert serving maid, though puzzled

The pert serving maid, though puzzled by her mistress's sudden petty sorrow, was far too wise in her generation not to humor Miss Rosie in all kinds, and the oddest kinds of moods. She collected the breakfast things and the uneaten meal,

breakfast things and the uneaten meal, and went down stairs without a word.

All that Sonday Rosie remained at Ferndale moodily aloue. She barely touched her dinner, and, when evening came, she locked herself into her bedroom, and Jane could hear her walking up and down for an hour, at least, before she went to bed. Even poor Punch could not drag her from her new-born bitterness. She took him in her arms, and hugged him and kissed him, and said: "You are true to me, Punch, aren't you? You'll not leave me a whole Sunday to pine alone. You'll not go to Brighton!" And Punch would prick up his ears and wag his tail, and stamp his little feet, as if to say: "You can trust me, my darling mistress. Now, don't cry! I don't like to see you cry." And the faithful doggie would race about the room, and carry things in his mouth, and walk for a step or two on his hind legs, and be pressed, and though she kissed Punch and hugged him, she cried while folding the dear little doggie to her bosom.

Now, my darling. I am going to have six hundred a year again, besides my earnings, and whe can bring that affair off as soon as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and be independent of managers and their freaks, and act or not act just as we like, and the inferse express, and as fast as a hansom can craft fight to my ewn darling. God bless her! Good-bye, my sweet. I am just brimful of happiness. Your own HARRY.

How happy—how thrice happy that he was faithful to her, that a sweet, delicious balmy letter! But—the Lord have mercy—that insulting letter, what a sw

The next day was a bleak one, indeed, for Rosie. Her eyes were red and swollen. and when she scrutinized herself in the mirror she declared herself a fright. There was no rehearsal that day, and Rosie lay in her hammock-chair, in the garden, throughout the breezy morning, sighing and thoughtful—she who usually spent so little of her time in thinking about aught but

her parts. Just as Jane was taking lunch from the table-Rosie had eaten only a morsel of chicken and a leaf or two of salad-somebody rang the visitors' bell, and, wonder of wonders, who came in but Miss Wo-burn. She was not with Harry then, that was one comfort, and Rosie had been unjust to her lover in that regard.
"I thought I'd look in as I was passing,

my dear," said the freckled one. "But you are not well, surely. Have you been ail-"Oh, it's nothing," answered Rosie, with a defiant toss of her pretty head. "A little migraine, perhaps. I stayed at home yes-

terday, and-perhaps-"Oh, that's it," interrupted Miss Woburn. "I could not make it out at all when I saw Harry Trench at Brighton yesterday. 1 went down to see Mrs. Weatherley, who is playing at the Royal this week, and as we were going on the pier I met Treuch at the turnstile. He was escorting one of the handsomest young ladies I ever saw-

Rosse felt the color fade out of her cheek n spite of herself. "Why, you really are ill, my dear." Miss Woburn prattled on. "You must let me call Jane. You ought to take something or

The slight frame quivered and the little fingers twitched nervously, but Rosie bit her lip and made a desperate effort to steel her trembling nerves.

"Go on!" she whispered with well-feigned indifference—"you were saying you saw Harry—Mr. Trench I mean." "Yes, I saw him," replied Miss Woburn, a little spitefully perhaps, for Rosie's affection for young Trench was well known it their engagement was a secret, "and where he found that lovely creature who was with him I can't guess. Well to do I should say, too—and she was dressed—you should have seen her-a pattern, my dear. And they were talking as affectionately as if they had known one another all their lives,"-every word a barbed arrow driven into Rosie's palpitating heart—"and they went into the Grand Hotel together, and I

found out afterwards that Trench is staying there." There was a dark film before Rosie's eyes. and the tables and chairs and furniture seemed to her to be rocking. She saw the green trees and the clematis-covered wall through a thin veil of moisture, and she clenched her hands till her nails dug into

It seemed as if the unwelcome chatterbox would never go and leave Rosie alone with the sorrow. The poor, baited creature's fingers itched to open the door and ask that messenger of ill to walk out. But the customs of polite society had to be safe-guarded, and poor Rosie's heart nearly broke before the mischief-maker was gone, and Rosse could fling herself on her bed and relieve her overstrained nerves by the good

ing at the Grand Hotel, and would not return before the morrow-the Tuesday evening. She would write to him immediately. He would get the letter in the morning, and he would know that the story of his vile infidelity had reached her

No sooner thought of than done. Rosie opened her writing-desk, and set herself down to pen the epistle that was to avenge her wrongs as far as that was possible. But she was sadly undecided about the style and phraseology, and sheet after sheet was torn up without a satisfactory letter being formulated.

At last she managed to compose one that seemed to her to combine brevity and

stinging dignified rebuke. "Sir," she wrote, "you forgot to say in your note that you were going to Brighton with a woman." The "woman" was doubly underlined. "I do not intend to link myscreen his dissolute habits. I hope, therefore, that in future you will pay your addresses where they will be more acceptable than to yours truly, Rosie Wray." She read the letter again and again. It

did not altogether please her, but it was the most satisfactory that, in her state of mind, she could put to paper. She inclosed it in an envelope and addressed it, "H. Trench, Esq., Grand Hotel, Brighton," and then sat looking at it, crying bitterly.

She thought it would drive her gloomy thoughts away to be doing something, so she wrote more letters—one to her dress-

theatrical manager for tickets for a profes-sional matinee, one to the Era, altering her advertisement, a mere freak to occupy her mind, and so on till quite an epistolary pile encumbered the writing table. Then she rang for Jane, and gave the lot to the girl to carry to the post. Punch seemed to be miserable to see his

mistress in such distress. He pranced making about the table while she was writing, and acre. blotted the addresses with his paws, and carried off this trifle and that, and brought them back again, and ran in and out of the room, and barked as if he wished to say, "Come now, cheer up. dear mistress." But even Punch's affectionate attentions failed

staying here with his daughter, my consin.

I had a very serious quarrel with the old gentleman when I went on the stage, and he stopped the liberal allowance he used to make me, and vowed to disinherit me. He is the only relative who helped me with a penny, and he was always very kind to me previous to the difference that period me. he was always very kind to me previous to the difference that parted us. So when my cousin offered to try and open a loophole through which I could crawl into the old man's favor again I accepted eagerly. When I wrote on Sunday I had just time to catch the train, and I did not want to write again before everything was settled, but now it is all arranged. My cousin was a regular little brick, the dear girl. She knows that we are engaged"—how the tears flowed, and how the little heart beat—"and she sends you her love and her best wishes. Now, my darling, I am going to have six hundred a year again, besides my earnings, and we can bring that affair off as soon as

she could have sunk into the earth for

very shame. She wandered out into the garden, her golden bair streaming in the morning breeze, unconsolable and unconsoled. Punch was with her, running about the flower-beds, dashing across the lawn, and jumping all over the rock-work regardless of injury to ferns and plants. He was carrying something in his mouth, something square and white, and he picked it up and shook it, and put it down again, and stamped upon it, and then ran away with it again, playing with it as was his habit. Rosie called him, and he pranced up to her with the thing in his mouth and laid it down at her feet.

She stooped and took the thing and looked at it, and so full was her heart of the fierce joy it brought to her that she fell on the sward headlong in a dead faint. The square white thing was her own letter to Harry.
Punch had knocked it off the table and carried it into the garden, and played with

it all the evening and all the morning. Rosie, like the good, truthful girl that she was, confessed her fault to Harry when he came, and he folded her in his strong arms and pressed her to his heart. And Punch was thenceforth called "Punch, the Postman," and Rosie bought him a brand new silver collar and bells as a reward for his cleverness.

[Copyright.] She Had Worked for Them. Washington Star.

She stepped up to the editor's desk demurely and said: "Do you want any writing done?" The weary editor looked at her and said: "You write poetry, I suppose?" "Yes, I have written a little poetry. I

have also written several short stories, a novel and a play.' "I beg your pardon," said the editor, catching his breath, "but is there anything you baven't written?" "I don't believe there is," she said, confidently, yet sharply. You see, I'm a stepographer and type-writer, and I do a good deal of work for literary gentlemen."

Hard Working Men.

New York Evening Sun It is sad to learn that Prof. A. K. Linder-felt, of the Milwaukee Public Library, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling city funds. Prof. Linderfelt is president of the National Library Association, and by confessing his guilt leaves a stain upon a body of men who are as honorable and hard working as any other in this country. Few stop to consider the debt of gratitude that we owe to the librarians stationed in every part of the United States. As a rule, they do not receive very high salaries, but they are usually lovers of good literature and excellent advisers to the inexperienced who come to get books from them.

Suggestion to Girl Graduates.

Frahion Writer. The school girls of the present day are a luxurious set, but if one entire class would adopt the crinky cotton crepe for its gradnation costume many heart-burnings and little lealousies would be avoided, and we kind and attentive mistress neglected him.
And what was the reason of this untoward storm in Rosie's chocolate cup? What had brought the black lowering cloud to darken ceived her with impunity. He was stay-

The pendulum was first attached to the clock in 1626 by Huygner. It is said that more money is spent for eggs than for flour in the United States. It takes eight times the strength to go up stairs that is required for the same distance

bly the soul of an English officer. with a woman." The "woman" was doubly underlined. "I do not intend to link my ment of Health for 1890 there are 68,211 females earning their livelihood in Chicago. In a court in Mississippi an important case was interrupted because one of the

> The flimsy paper called tissue paper was originally made to place between i tissue cloth of gold or silver, to prevent its fray-

not be eaten in the months without an rin them was laid down by a person named Butler nearly three hundred years ago. It is said that the art of printing took its

German railway directors are experimenting with rails made of paper, which, are said to be as superior to steel rails as paper car wheels are to those made of iron. The cultivation of the sunflower is considered to be very profitable in Russia. An

Food costs little more here than in Encost per family for food in the United States is \$243.65 a year, against \$222.52 in Europe.

yield in a year.

It is said that in Russia children are not silowed to go from home to school unless supplied with passports for that purpose. Even servants going from one employer to another are obliged to have passports.

A woman in Blaine, Me., only twenty-eight years old, has a chest measurement of sixty-five inches; waist, sixty-one inches, and she weighs 415 pounds. She is unable to stand more than a minute or two.

A Berlin shoemaker has invented an artificial stone sole for footwear. It is made of a solution of some kind of patent cement and pure white quartz sand. A pair of such soles will last for years on any pavement, and are said to be elastic and easy on the feet.

The first trumpet was a sea shell, and was used by very old nations. Trumpets were well known in the days when Homer lived, and a Hebrew feast of trumpets is spoken of in the Bible nearly 1500 B. C. Alexander the Great is said to have used a speaking trumpet \$25 B. C.

Pliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, nine feet nine inches, the tallest man in the days of Claudius. John Middleton, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I, was nine feet three inches in height. His hand was seventeen inches long and eight and one-half inches broad.

pagne, \$50; a drink of rye whisky, \$2; a bot-tle of ale, \$12, and a cigar, \$2.

BITS OF FASHION.

The long Spanish lace scarf has returned to us again, and is wound picturesque-

Barege is such a durable stuff it is pleasant to know that this year it will be the height of the fashion, especially with chine flowers on a cream ground—an effect produced by the fact that the printing is only on the warp.

Dresses being now very generally lined throughout with silk or sateen, the long underskirt is less necessary. A ruche of silk or lace is tacked just inside the edge, simulating an underskirt. The fewer underskirts the better, indeed, with modern

one time as only suitable for elderly heaviest velvets as well as the most deli-

Strange as it may seem, it has been proven that the very beautiful and popular tints of mauve and heliotrope are more fugitive in woolen than in cotton goods. Of course washing tries the latter, but tested by sea air and sunshine, the cotton gowns in these dyes hold their colors far

The Marie Antoinette fichu of chiffon, lace, or net is very popular this season with debutantes and all other girls. It is worn over pretty little house-dresses of striped surah, China silk, or French cashmore, and is crossed in front at the waist and lightly tied at the back. Other tichus for older wearers, in Spanish and Chantilly patterns, are worn with dresses that are

trimmed with lace flounces. The fashionable style of coiffure is a low and loose chignon. The hair is drawn back from the temples and coiled at the back; it is fastened with a high and narrow comb, which is useful for holding up the small capote. In front, the hair is either rolled up from the froehead, or a small cluster of frizzless fall over the brow. This should depend on the style of face, and whether

Deep flounces of black or white net are put over light or medium-colored silk dresses, which is another way of freshening them up. The flounce is put on with a small heading, and should come about half-way up the skirt. The bodice and upper part of the sleeves may be covered with the same Grecian net, either plain or sprigged; the lower part of the sleeve must always be of silk, and quite

ment; the yokes, instead of being smocked are worked with stars in Russian stitch, having French knots between. The crosscut seam at the back of skirts has been introduced into children's skirts with excel lent effect, and they show well beneath the little jackets, which often fasten on one side, and are trimmed en chevron with ruches of ribbon at the torost. Silk skirts

Jet will be much worn in the most beautiful kinds of trimmings, formed of the finest beads massed together, to be used as an applique. Wide beaded fringes are largely

Ladies are beginning to wear much jew- answered the grand-stand crank. elry in the streets again, in the form of

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

There are now 18,714 newspapers published in the United States, of which 1,759 are dailies.

The pressure of the atmosphere on the man of average stature is about fifteen tons, yet it is not felt. At Bombay all the Hindoo sentries salute any passing black cats, thinking it possi-

jurors caught the mumps, and gave it to

ing or tarnishing when folded. The gastronomic law that oysters should

origin from some rude impression taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree.

acre yields on an average 1,350 pounds, making an income for the farmer of \$20 an

A rare relic of aboriginal life, the skull of an animal with a flint arrowhead imbedded in the frontal bone, has been exhumed on the farm of Edward Albin, south of

The sea is infinitely more productive than the land. It is estimated that an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will

It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact, and shooting it through the center scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.

An old restaurant bill, printed in Richmond, Va., in January, 1864, gives the wartime prices in confederate money: Soup, \$1.50; chickens, \$3.50; roast beef, \$3; ham and eggs, \$3; raw oysters, \$2; coffee, \$2; bread and butter, \$1.50; a bottle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a driph of reachible, \$20; a bettle of champages, \$50; a b

Narrow, hemstitch frilling is the latest and most fashionable trimming for ladies and children's underwear. Linen cufts have been recalled into the ranks of fashion, and will be worn with link-buttons, with tailor gowns.

ly about the throat twice, the ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress

We can no longer tell maid from matron by the fabric of her costames. Girls who are still in the first flush of youth elect to wear moire and other stuffs looked upon at women. They do not hesitate to don the

better than in wool.

the hair is naturally smooth or curly.

clinging. A pretty simple model for little girls' frocks is as follows: Full skirt, with a number of small tucks round the footseven or nine. The blouse-bodice has a small round yoke entirely composed of narrow garberings and is finished with a ruche. There are three gatherings also round the waist. A ribbon is run through the under one and tied into a bow at the back. The sleeves are full to the elbow, and gathered from elbow to wrist.

Children's blouses show a new treatwith Swiss belts are useful for children.

employed in bright as well as dull jet, and crochet silk will be used with these. Leaf-lets of jet are found to be useful in the present style of dressmaking and small beads are mixed with bugles and sequins, the long bugles and sequins, the long bugies being a novel feature. Narrow jet galons are to border many seams.

"Who is he?" elaborate and conspicuous bonnet-pins, "It's Anson. He's got a glass arm."

veil-pins, clasps and a great variety of pins on the bodice. A faultlessly dressed woman she ventured, timidly.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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FURSCH-MADI —

MARGUERITE REID, LENA LITTLE, ANNA BURCH, CAMPANINI and CARL MARTIN, WALTER DAMROSCH and ADOLPH BRODSKY.

was seen, the other day, in New York, with her simple bodice closed with a flashing diamond star that might honor a duchess's coronet, and which would have been pronounced extremely vulgar last season. The change in the mode is due to the influence of Russian fashions in Paris.

ENTIRE

NOVELTY.

SINGERS!

DANCERS!

GREAT

Silk shirt-waists, under fancy Eton or Spanish jackets, high revers forming part of the turn-over collars, pointed girdles, long three-quarter French Guard coats over handsomely trimmed gilets of corded silk, or natty striped shirt-fronts, will all be permissible next season even on smart out-of-door costumes. These are among the essentially picturesque fashions which can be elaborated upon by those who admire striking effects, or they can easily be modified to suit the taste of the most simple dressers.

The Mercedes jacket is a new modifica-tion of the well-known Figaro, or Spanish is worn over the plain bodice of the fourreau dress, giving it more elegance of style.

Bodices, either plain or draped across the
front, are generally round-waisted. The edge of the bodice is slipped in under the skirt and a fancy belt or ribbon sash is

worn over it. The tabrics most used for blouses and shirt-waists are made of fancy surahs, wash silks, fine French flannels, and cashmeres, but for summer uses they are made of linen lawn, percale, embroidered muslin, and plain Chinasilk daintily buttonholed, and embroidered on the front pleat and the collar and cuffs. The shirt-waists now so much in vogue are a most valuable addition to summer outfits. They are so variously fashioned that they can be made equally becoming to slender and moderately full figures, and the economist who supplies herself with half a dozen of those pretty dressy waists can give variety and freshness to her tollets at comparatively small outlay. White silk waists, flower-striped, polka-dotted, or in plain stripes of violet, tan, blue, or red, are dressy enough to wear with lace skirts or those of lace-

trimmed silk. Pious Observations.

Ram's Horn. There are so many temperance men who take their blue ribbons off when they go away from home. The less a man amounts to the prouder he is of his ancestors being big people. When you find a woman who thinks her husband is the wisest man who ever lived. you find one who haen't been to school

There are people who sing, "I care not for silver and gold," who always come out ahead in a horse trade. It never helps us to walk any straighter to watch another man's feet.

Parallel Cases.

New York Weekly. Mrs. Grumpps-There are thousands of occupations in which men have places which women should fill. Why shouldn't women be druggiste? Answer that. Mr. Grumpps—This cottage pudding isn't good at all. How did you make it?

Mrs. Grumpps—I took a few handfuls of flour and some milk and a few eggs—I forget how many—and some sngar, I think, and I believe I added some salt, and may be some baking powder-don't know how much. I never measure. Mr. Grumpps-That's why.

Why He Wilted.

New York Evening Sun.
"Well, John," said the humorist's wife, after he had returned from the office, whither he had been hastily summoned by the publisher, "what did Mr. Hicks want? Has he promoted you?" "No!" replied John, wearily.

"Worse!" returned John. "I've got to explain two of to-day's jokes in to-morrow's paper. I don't believe it's possible.

"You are not discharged?" cried the little

And He Was Speechless.

It was her first appearance at a base-ball "What are you scowling at?" she inquired of her escort. "At that big man over there on first base,"

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